

PUCK BUILDING, New York, January 8th, 1913.

VOL. LXXII. No. 1871.

Copyright, 1913, by Keppler & Schwarzmann. Entered at N. Y. P. O. as Second-class Mail Matter.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



THE CHAIN-GANG.



Published by
J. KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
E. A. CARTER, Sec. and Treas.,
995-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
NO. 1871. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1913.
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday, \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months, \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance.

Cartoons and Comments

THE SPIDER AND THE FLIES.

THE Stock Exchange is to reform itself. Under no obligation to do so as a result of the PUJO investigation or any other Government influence, the Stock Exchange will tackle the task nevertheless. While it will be impossible, we fancy, so to amend the rules of procedure that everybody may make money in Wall Street, still it may prove practicable to effect such reforms as will let the unsuspecting lamb hang on to his fleece for minutes instead of for seconds, as is now too often the case. Out of the mouths of Stock Exchange officials themselves the public has obtained more than a hint that Hell's Kitchen on a dark night is a good deal safer place for a guileless citizen with money than Wall Street on the brightest of bright days. This impression, if allowed to prevail, will knock the price of Stock Exchange seats still lower than they already are, and they are now selling for about half what they brought six years ago. Seriously speaking, it would do no harm if the Exchange authorities regarded the public from a new standpoint. That a fool and his money are soon parted is painfully true, and so 't will be till the crack of doom; but safeguards against deception and fraud are operative on the Exchanges of Paris and London, and the introduction of similar safeguards here would do much to restore confidence in the good faith of the Stock Exchange authorities, and perhaps bring the public back into the market. Self-interest is a great spur to action. The motive power

behind the Exchange's decision to "reform" is doubtless the disquieting drop in the price of seats, which simply means that there isn't as much business on the floor by fifty per cent. as there used to be. By keeping away from the ticker a little while longer the public can inspire more Wall Street reforms than all the UNTERMYERS and PUJO committees in creation. Even the spider introduced reforms when the flies got too wise to walk into his parlor.

PRESIDENT WILSON, we fear, will prove a source of great annoyance and possible embarrassment to a number of gentlemen in

public life. Such statesmen, we mean, as believe that a party platform is something "to get in on" merely, not to stand on after one is safely in. Already there are signs that the Democratic tariff revision plank is not regarded with the same favor in all quarters that greeted it before election, and quite a few pussy-footed persons are planning means to nullify it as much as possible, yet still to carry out a semblance of the party's campaign pledge. With this sort of backsliding Democracy President WILSON is not apt to be in sympathy. It is quite likely that the gibbet on which he threatens to "hang as high as

HAMAN" the man who starts a panic, he will erect also for those who would flimflam the public out of honest tariff reform. The next occupant of the White House gives evidence in plenty that he takes his new job seriously, and it is highly probable that he will regard a pledge made before election as an obligation afterward. It is well to have for President a man who has been but a short while in public life, for his usefulness to the people, to all of the people, will not be hampered by the party worship of a chronic office-holder.

IT remains to be seen whether the Law which was agile enough to catch a band of dynamiters will be strong enough to hold them. Also, whether the law's delay will operate to the advantage of accused "Labor" as well as to "Capital" accused. Banker MORSE, if so disposed, could suggest to the dynamiters a means of escape.





THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

MERE MAN'S COMPLAINT.

IN Paris there are people who
Are busy planning and conniving
To make me give up every sou,
No matter how I keep on striving.
The fashions that have vogue to-day
Will by to-morrow be discarded,
And I shall be compelled to pay
For new "creations," come what may,
My just complaints all disregarded.

They do not know, and little care,
Those arbiters so arbitrary,
That I've a mate who scorns to wear
December styles in January;
They merely know that women bow
Year after year to their dictation,
And that the thing concocted now
Will charm awhile, no matter how
Ridiculous the new "creation."

Within the windows are displayed
The "new things" from across the water;
There will be no restraint of trade,
We may be sure, by wife or daughter.
It matters not that they possess
Clothes in abundance that are splendid
And fit for any marchioness;
What virtue is there in a dress
When Paris says its vogue is ended?

There steals within my breast sometimes
A longing that becomes a passion
To steal away to sunny climes
Where fig-leaves still may be in fashion;
To strive where striving were worth while,
To gladly stray through fields Elysian
Where lovely woman might beguile
Free from the blight of any style
Dictated by a male Parisian.

S. E. Kiser.

A.D. 1914.

BELOW.—Room One Hundred and One rung. They're singing college-songs, and they want ten more cocktails and a half-dozen more boxes of cigarettes.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR.—You just tell those young society ladies they've got to be quieter; they're keeping some of the gentlemen boarders awake.

MANY a man who has no money wastes valuable time telling what he would do if he were wealthy.

Self-made men would find this a more sociable world if they were less inclined to talk shop.

PET NAMES.

IT IS not important, in itself, that a New York woman had her husband arrested for calling her "Dearie" and "Sweetheart" in public, to her intense distaste. The case was dismissed by the magistrate, who cautioned the complainant that she was lucky to have such a husband, and had better take care not to lose him. This is scarcely a judgment of Solomon. The woman in question did not enjoy being petted in public, and a judicial decision cannot be expected to change her attitude toward such treatment. In her estimation it is as bad as, possibly worse than, being beaten.

What to call one's spouse in public has given many a man and woman pause. The Frenchmen address their wives often as "madame" when speaking to them in a public place. "Missus" has not the same sound. To use the Christian name is not satisfactory; there might be reasons why the possessor should not wish it advertised. "I say," or "Here, you" are distinctly not good form, nor is "Listen." Yet, to the sensitive ear, all these are better than those endearing epithets and namelets which the fond wife or husband, or rather the wife or the husband who wishes to give the appearance of fondness, employs.

What person of fibre would not hale into the police-court a life-partner who used the mushy word "Ducky"? "Dovey" should be the signal for instant assault; so also should "Lovey," "Dear Heart," "Sweetness," "Pet," and "Little One." Yet all these have we heard oft in company. Old-fashioned men cling to "Wife," a salutation of ancient usage. It is a little cold, however, besides being archaic. On the other side, "Hubby" is very bad; and there is something peculiarly offensive about "Love" when applied to a man. He may have a leonine countenance; he may have a magnificent physique; he may have the patent of virility; but at the sound of that word "Love," addressed to him in the presence of strangers, he becomes as a thing enfeebled; an ornery cuss; a mere cling-skirt.

TIME works wonders, but that is probably because he never struck for an eight-hour day.



PUCK

AND THE HO-O-O-OME OF THE FAKE!



THE Land of the Free—'t is the Land of the Free!
Have done with these hollers for dollars and dimes;
It does n't require any sort of a fee
To get what you want in these Help-Yourself times.
You doubt me? Then look at that car in the ad.,
That auto red-ended and splendid. Dear me!
You like it? It's yours; yes, it's yours for, bedad!
You'll notice it's offered "To Everyone—FREE!"

(Of course you'll have to get 49,628 subscribers to *Bumbleberry's Monthly* in order to qualify you to compete for this unexcelled offer—but that's a mere detail.)

And why should one sigh for the Southernesque seas,
Their winter-time beaches and peaches and surf?
It's true one's rheumatics are roiled by a freeze,
Yet why should one part from the snow-spangled turf?
For the winds they may howl, and the winds they may rage
And whistle their keenest and meanest, but gee!
They're foiled by the Wonderful Find of the Age—
The Cure for Rheumatics—and, brother, it's FREE!

(That is, a Trial Treatment consisting of the regular One-Dollar Bottle is sent Free on receipt of Fifty Cents.)

The Land of the Free! O my soul, raise thy voice!
Be glad that thou camest, O gamest of souls!
Uplift a soul chantey and freely rejoice
That freeness extends to our uttermost goals.
'T is the Land of the Free and our money 's no good,
And after we're buried and ferried you'll see
That they won't let us pay for the trip if we would,—
For, O Hallelujah! Salvation is FREE!

(At least, it's free if we use somebody else's pew and don't come in until after the plate has been passed.)

Horatio Winslow.



STIMULANTS.

CASEY.—Before Nolan married he said he needed a wife to straighten him up; something for a "bracer."

MURPHY.—An' now that he's married her he finds he's got a "chaser."

THE fact that it is eminently respectable to attend church fills a good many otherwise empty pews.



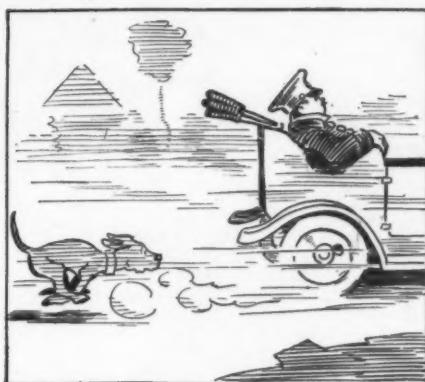
REST IN PEACE.

THE FLORIST'S DELIVERY-BOY GOES TO SLEEP ON THE JOB.

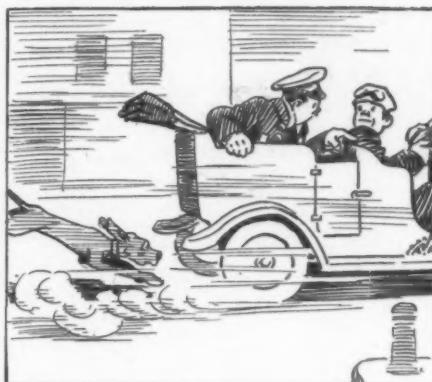
THE POLICE-DOG FOLLOWS A HOT TRAIL.



I.
"Yes, sure, I'll take a ride, Chief!"



II.
"Gee! I'd like to own one of these machines to use on me beat!"



III.
"Say, Chief! It's all o' ten miles from where we started, but I forgot me dog. Beat it back!"

REWARDS.

Two writers of fiction were sitting at a table in a restaurant famous for its literary clientele. One was the well-known George Parr Barrish, author of the best-selling books of the year, *The Red Suspenders* and *The Green Gaiters*. The other was Percy Ibbington, author of several volumes of which the leading booksellers had consented to take "five copies on consignment."

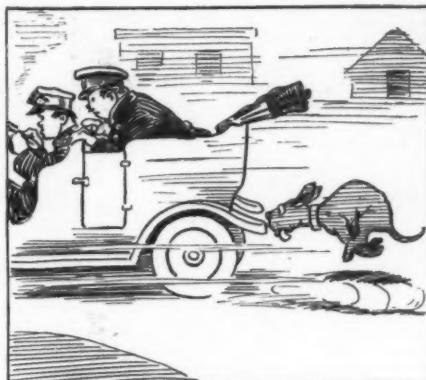
Percy Ibbington was speaking. "That you are successful in a commercial sense," he was saying to Mr. Barrish, "I freely admit. You have cultivated the lower public tastes; while I—I have cultivated Art. You have sold into the hundred thousands. I have a following of but two or three hundred. You are illustrated by Harrison Hutton. I go before the public without illustration at \$1.20 net. Yet, my friend, I do not envy you. I am content to go on in my own unpopular way to the end."

"We have no quarrel, then," said the other. "I must say that I love Art as well as you; the difference between us is that I do not use it in my business. Yet I make no apology for my work. My ambition has been to interest the blacksmith and the coal-heaver and the servant-girl, and I have done it. I also wanted to make money, and I have done that. The critics agree to a man that my books are rotten, and they sell by the thousands. The critics are also agreed that your books are True Literature, and nobody buys them. You are content, you say; well, so am I."

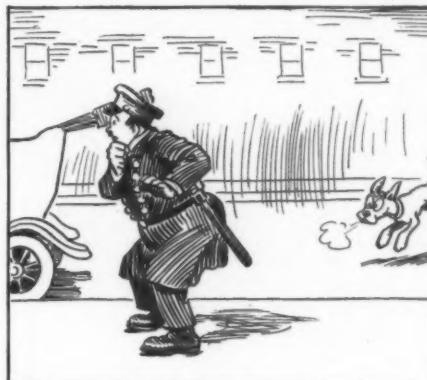
"If it were only a matter of to-day and to-morrow," replied Percy Ibbington, "I should admit that you had the best of the argument.

But I am working for the regard of posterity. In ten years your books will have been forgotten as completely as yesterday afternoon's newspaper. In ten years I shall be just reaping my reward."

"So be it," replied George Parr Barrish. "Let us go. I am reluctant to quit this interesting conversation; but I have promised to write another novel this week, and I must be at work." And so they rose from the table and went,



IV.
"Put on all the juice yer got. If that dog was stole, the Editor of PUCK would have me broke!"



V.
"Right here is where I left him. I hope nobody swiped him!"



VI.
"Ah! Here's me faithful comrade, but I wonder what he's pantin' so hard fer!"

"Please give me the latest novel by Percy Ibbington."

"Percy Ibbington?" queried the book-clerk. "Percy Ibbington? I'm sorry, sir. I don't think I ever heard of him either."

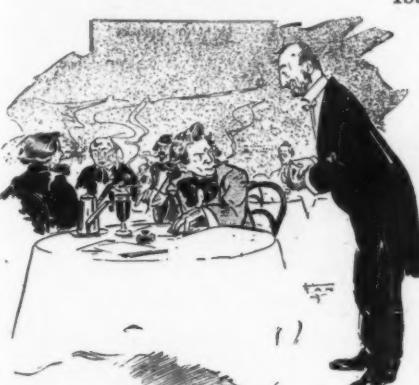
Freeman Tilden.

MODERNIZED.

EDITOR.—This stuff won't do for a "filler."

NEW ASSISTANT.—It's good dope; some of Solomon's proverbs.

EDITOR.—Bah! Nobody ever heard of him. Tell you what we can do, though. Head it "Business Epigrams of J. P. Morgan," and we'll run it on the front page.



Great men used to leave their footprints on the sands of time, but in this day of the rich malefactor they are more likely to leave fingerprints.

Mr. Barrish having settled the bill.

But a business-man, of the shy, retiring type permitted to come to this restaurant, had been a keen listener to the conversation. When the two authors had gone, he made a few notes hastily in his note-book.

Ten years passed. One day the business-man who had overheard the above conversation was rummaging among his old diaries and papers, and found the

notes which he had made at the restaurant. The conversation came back to him, and so impressed him and aroused his curiosity that he immediately went to the nearest bookstore.

After consulting his notes he asked the salesman: "Have you any books by George Parr Barrish?"

The salesman looked blank. He scratched his head thoughtfully, and replied: "I don't remember ever to have heard of a writer of that name."

"Surely you must know him—I understood he was quite famous in his way," said the customer.

"Well, sir, it may be as you say, but I don't seem to recall either the man or his books."

"Ah," said the business man, "the artistic fellow was right!"

Then he added:



HE MEANT WELL.

FOND FATHER.—Well, we have a new baby at our house.

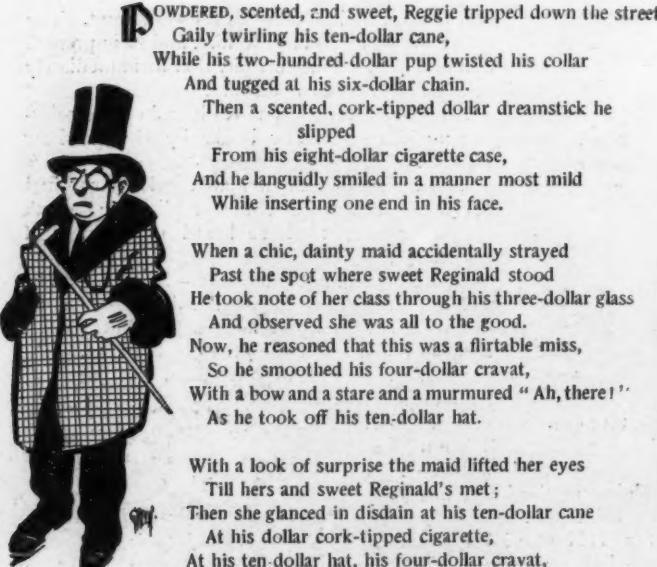
MOTOR ENTHUSIAST (absently).—What horse-power?



"THAT REMINDS ME!"

PASSER-BY (with a start).—Gad! That reminds me I've got to go to my wife's mother's for dinner to-night!

ASSESSED VALUATION.



POWDERED, scented, and sweet, Reggie tripped down the street,
Gaily twirling his ten-dollar cane,
While his two-hundred-dollar pup twisted his collar
And tugged at his six-dollar chain.
Then a scented, cork-tipped dollar dreamstick he
slipped
From his eight-dollar cigarette case,
And he languidly smiled in a manner most mild
While inserting one end in his face.

When a chic, dainty maid accidentally strayed
Past the spot where sweet Reginald stood
He took note of her class through his three-dollar glass
And observed she was all to the good.
Now, he reasoned that this was a flirtable miss,
So he smoothed his four-dollar cravat,
With a bow and a stare and a murmured "Ah, there!"
As he took off his ten-dollar hat.

With a look of surprise the maid lifted her eyes
Till hers and sweet Reginald's met;
Then she glanced in disdain at his ten-dollar cane
At his dollar cork-tipped cigarette,
At his ten-dollar hat, his four-dollar cravat,
And the rest. So it's safe to conclude
That with all of his dash, and with all of his cash,
He was only a thirty-cent dude!

Jack Burroughs.

THE SEVEN AGES OF HEROISM.

FIRST DAY.

SMITH.—Did you see in the morning paper where Kelley, the Chief of Police, walked alone into a counterfeiter's den when he knew it meant certain death?

JONES.—You bet I read the whole story! By George, it makes me proud to be a citizen of a country which breeds such heroes!

SECOND DAY.

SMITH.—I see by the papers that there is a movement on foot to

In the race for wealth no man seems to object to taking a short cut across his neighbor's feelings.

collect ten thousand dollars by popular subscription for the family of Chief of Police Kelley.

BROWN.—It ought to be twenty-five thousand dollars. And if this city doesn't erect a monument to a man like that, then it doesn't deserve to have such heroes in the Department.

THIRD DAY.

SMITH.—Hello, Green! I suppose you'll go to the mass-meeting to-night in honor of Hero Kelley?

GREEN.—By gracious! I'd like to go, but the tie between the Married Men and the Single Men is going to be rolled off on our club alleys to-night, and I'm on the Single Men's team.

FOURTH DAY.

SMITH.—I say, Robinson, did your paper say anything about the mass-meeting in honor of Hero Kelley last night? I didn't get around to go.

ROBINSON.—I did not notice. Hero Kelley, did you say? Oh, you mean the feller that butted into a private house and got what was coming to him? He had nerve, of course; but these policemen are too fresh.

FIFTH DAY.

SMITH.—Hero Kelley's funeral is to be this afternoon. There'll be two thousand policemen in line.

WHITE.—Huh! They'd better be catching thieves instead of parading.

SIXTH DAY.

SMITH.—Well, that was a great parade for Hero Kelley yesterday.

BLACK.—Yep. Funny what a fuss they make over nothing, eh?

SEVENTH DAY.

SMITH
JONES
BROWN
ROBINSON
GREEN
WHITE
BLACK

(meeting at a well-known hotel bar):

Just what I think, old man. The newspapers make a great stir about a cop who was only doing what the taxpayers hire him for.

Freeman Tilden.



THE MAIN REQUIREMENT.

CRAWFORD.—How did you come to let him into your Bohemian club?
He isn't an artist.

PENFIELD.—No. But look at the way he eats spaghetti!

PUCK



THEY were seeing the sights, and had dropped into a big Wall Street brokerage house.

"What are all those people sitting there in front of that board?"

"Those are customers—people who buy and sell stocks through the house. The little green cards the boy keeps putting up on the board and shifting around show the prices on the Stock Exchange."

"Where does he get the prices from?"

"He gets them off that machine over there—the ticker. When a broker on the Exchange buys or sells something he tells a messenger and the messenger tells the man that sends out the information over all the tickers."

"But if there are lots of purchases and sales I should think it would be quite some time after a trade was made before the report could be sent over the tickers and put up on these boards?"

"It is. When the market's active, sometimes the ticker gets as much as ten minutes behind."

"Ten minutes! Why, in a game like this I shouldn't think it would do these people any good to know what was going on ten minutes ago?"

"It does n't."

"Then why do they do it?"

"Don't know—unless perhaps it's because they like to see the quotations go up and down."

"Do they ever make any money out of it?"

"No. Or at any rate, if they do, they drop it right away again."

"Doesn't anybody make any money out of it?"

"Certainly."

"Who are the ones that make the money?"

"The ones that make the quotations, of course."

"Oh, come on. Let's go see something that's got some sense to it."

THE Great Financier took the stand. The attorney for the Investigating Committee smiled a smile of deep satisfaction. Hadn't he been working for a year to put this across? Wasn't this something really new in the history of investigations? Things would be said now that would be worth listening to. These are some of the things that were said:

"I don't know."

"I don't remember."

"That may be, but I have no personal knowledge of the facts."

"It was some time ago. You can hardly expect me to remember the details."

Back in New York, stock-prices were going up a point at a time. "The strength of the market," half the afternoon papers solemnly declared, "was due to the perfectly frank testimony given to-day at Washington."

"What did he say, anyhow?" the cartoonist on one of these papers asked the financial editor, as the two went out for their "petit vermouth" that afternoon.

"What did he say?" the other replied. "How the devil do I know! You don't suppose I've got time to read two or three pages of that sort of stuff, do you?"

THE advertising man for one of the big electric companies was explaining how hard it is to get people used to a new thing, however superior to the old it may be.

"I was struck by a conversation I heard this morning coming over on the boat," he said.



WIZARD.

"Is your son Ikey a good salesman?"
"Goot! Ikey could sell a New York Evening Journal to Mayor Gaynor!"

"Two workmen, pretty well-to-do, evidently, were talking about the relative merits of gas and electric light—one of them had put up a small home and was hesitating which kind of light to put in. 'Jim,' his friend advised him, 'you put in gas. Every night after dinner you sit and smoke your pipe, don't you? And when you have n't got a match around, there's your burner and everything's all right. Now supposing you've got one of those bulbs to read by—where do you get a light for your pipe, then? Solid comfort's what you want, Jim. You take my advice and put in gas.'"

"And the sad part of it is," the advertising man remarked, "that Jim seemed thoroughly to agree with him."

Franklin.

HERE AND THERE IN THEATRE-LAND.



"The High Road."

MRS. FISKE is at her best in "The High Road." She is one of the few women on the stage at present who really can act in every sense of the word. Moreover, she handles a "big scene" in a sane and logical manner without giving way to the hysterical outbursts which so many women stars still utilize in a vain attempt to get at your emotions. Imagine the scene in "The High Road," where Mary Fiske tells the Governor of her past life, in the hands of the weepy, emotional type! She would probably flop around on the floor, sobbing and sniveling, with lots of "Oh-my-gawd-my-gawd-I-am-so-miserable" business thrown in, while a convenient ray of pink moonbeams light up her red hair. Happily, that sort of thing doesn't get by as it did once. Mrs. Fiske discovered long ago

that it reflected nothing in real life. She has made a really big play out of Mr. Sheldon's drama which in itself would be only mildly interesting. The play might very well begin where the second act leaves off and still give you the whole story. The cast is unusually good throughout, and shows evidence of the careful attention to detail which one can always expect from Mr. Harrison Grey Fiske. Frederick Perry makes the country boy who later becomes governor a real flesh-and-blood person, and Arthur Byron is capital as Maddock. Nina Melville contributes a good bit as the maid. There is an unusually effective setting in the first act. If you like Mrs. Fiske you are sure to find "The High Road" a first-rate evening's entertainment.

W. E. Hill.



A SNOWBALL IN HELL—WHAT CHANCE HAS IT GOT?

THE PUCK PRESS

PUCK



AT THE MOVIES.

HE (his arm around her).—What a dainty wrist you have, honey!
SHE.—That is n't my wrist, dearie! That's the ankle of the man beside me!

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY!

The SUPERIOR MAGAZINE for 1913
WILL BE ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE.

THE most original and "different" publication in a century!

The only magazine in America which will positively *not* publish a hitherto undiscovered O. Henry story!

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS, GOUVERNEUR MORRIS, and GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER are among the famous authors who will *not* appear in our pages.

The Most Marvelous Feature of the Decade will be the entire absence of any work of ARNOLD BENNETT from the SUPERIOR MAGAZINE. This has been the *chef d'œuvre* of the editors in their endeavor to make a magazine without a rival.

The Art Department will be no less remarkable. HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTIE, HENRY REUTERDAHL, HARRISON FISHER, A. B. WENZEL, and JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG will appear exclusively in other magazines.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM Has Written None of His Breathless Serials or Short Stories for the SUPERIOR.

REX BEACH has promised to write nothing whatever for the SUPERIOR, and we are also able to announce that JACK LONDON has made the positive assurance that he will have no place among our contributors.

The Magazine Individual!
Different from Any Other!
No Red - Blooded Tales!
No Blue-Blooded Fiction!

No Posthumous Novels by DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
or JACQUES FUTRELLE!

No Pictures by The Greatest Living Artists!

SUBSCRIBE NOW FOR THE SUPERIOR!!!

Mark Kronen.

HIS REQUIREMENT.

"How shall I love you as I ought?"—
She asked of her fond admirer.
"With spoken word, or with silent thought?"
Her eyes gazed far before her.

"Shall I love you up to your soul's best need,
Or down to life's daily level?
Shall we walk through the world—two saints, indeed—
Or join in its whirl and revel?

"How shall I love you, my sweetheart?—say—
Since it is yours to prove me."
"Love me?" he said. "Why, any old way,
Only—be sure to love me!"

Madeline Bridges.

OBJECTIONABLE.

A CERTAIN robber was observed invariably to rob the relatively poor.

"There's a reason!" quoth he, winking significantly.

Being pressed, he was more explicit:

"My women-folks," he whispered, "turn up their noses at wealth that's been rolled in."

MAN.

MAN that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble.

First the infant, eating prepared food and having his temperature taken every hour,—a eugenic baby, in short.

Then the schoolboy, studying everything and learning nothing.

Then the lover, sighing like an oil-heater, the price of anthracite coal being what it is per ton.

Then the soldier, his trade unfashionable except in the Balkans and Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Then the justice, forced by the price of capons to get along with some cheaper lining for his capacious paunch. Not to mention the ultimate consumer, sans everything.



YOUNG.

MRS. MURPHY (in the museum).—Shure, they say this Venus thing is two thousand years old.

MR. MURPHY.—Talk about holdin' wan's age! She don't look over twenty!

TROUBLE is, we never know when we've got enough until we find out that we've got too much.



Barbedale Rogers.

STORM SIGNALS.

EXTRAVAGANT YOUNG WIFE.—George, I wish to go out this afternoon to do a little shopping. What kind of weather is it?

GEORGE.—Rain, thunder, lightning, freezing—and—and earthquake!

WHAT A DIFFERENCE ONE MINUTE WILL MAKE!



SCENE IN THE SWEATSHOP DISTRICT AT 11:59 A.M.



SCENE IN THE SWEATSHOP DISTRICT AT 12 M.

MR. AND MRS. BLAKE ATTEND.

HE: I dread these big receptions so;
But then, of course, we'll have to go.
HE: I know of nothing I hate worse;
But still, we'll have to go, of course.
SHE: Oh dear, 't will be a dreadful bore!
I'll be so glad when it is o'er!
HE: Yes, but we'll have to go or they
Will wonder why we stayed away.
THEY: My, what a bore the whole thing was!
I'm tired to death. My ears just buzz!
I wonder if the Blakes were here?
I never noticed. Did you, dear?

Walter G. Doty.



THE CANADIAN—1913 MODEL.

"Eh—ah—er—," said the gentleman with the tawny moustache, making those preparatory sounds by which the Briton warns the world of his intention to speak, "jolly little place this Canada—and all that sort of rot. Kindly feelings toward all you Colonials, too—quite so. But have you a taproom or an inn where a chap can get a pint of ale and a finnan haddie?" The Canadian scratched his head.

"Wall, now, I dunno. Up to the Washin'ton Hotel, though, you kin git some Chicago ham and Milwaukee beer and New York crackers. I'm from Ioway myself—just moved North last winter—but I'm glad to see you, even if you be English. Who's king over in your country now?"

Liberty may be defined as that condition of things which does not permit us to take liberties with others.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

*O*f the kinds of government there is no end. There is constitutional government and government monarchical; governments autocratic, bureaucratic, and democratic; governments popular and governments unpopular; representative government, government by commission, government by injunction, and just plain government. The varieties, stages, and degrees are as the sands of the seashore and the leaves of the trees; but there is ever room for one more. And the latest and greatest kind of government is *Government by Investigation*.

This new manner of government is extremely simple in its working. First, the people elect; then the people investigate. The elected candidate appoints; the appointees are then investigated. Financial boards appropriate money; the appropriations are immediately investigated. Whatever is done is merely half the work to be done; it must all be investigated.



Government by Investigation! 'Tis a happy thought and a pleasant, interesting procedure. The variations and ramifications of this method are delightful. The people elect legislators; the legislatures pass laws; business proceeds according to the laws. That is, it proceeds until investigation begins. It becomes necessary to investigate all business founded on the laws; next, all laws founded on legislative acts, then all legislatures which made the laws. Is that all? By no means. It now becomes necessary to investigate the investigators. Thereupon it is due to public policy to invoke the help of detective agencies to discover what is really being done by the investigators whose duty it is to investigate the investigators. From that point to the employment of detectives to detect the detectives, and shadowers to shadow the men who are shadowing the men who are investigating the investigators who are investigating the investigators who are probing the malfeasances of the servants of the people is but a natural and logical step. This constitutes the New Government—*Government by Investigation*.

Simple, barbaric minds might inquire as to whether the investigation of the characters of the servants of the people might not precede the election of those servants. Simple, barbaric minds might.

ALL READY.

Editor.—Yes. We have arranged for two reporters to handle the news of the President's wife, one for each of his children, one for the household pets, and still another to cover his country relatives who are visiting Washington.

Owner.—But what men have you got to handle the news of the President himself?

Editor.—Nobody. Confound it, I knew there was something I forgot!

THE REASON.

Visitor.—Your father did n't try to swear off on smoking this year. Could n't your mother persuade him?

Willie.—It was n't that. Pa offered to swear off this year if Ma would, and she would n't take him up!

Pears'

"The pale complexion of true love" assumes a warmer tint by the use of Pears' Soap.

Sold all over the globe.

NOTHING FOR NOTHING.

"Did you strike copper on that land?"

"Nope."

"Then I suppose you will return the money and take up the stock you sold?"

"Not exactly. We shall promote an orange grove on the land. Two shares of the new stock for one of the old."—*New York Mail*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
The antiseptic powder for Tired, Tender, Smarting feet.
25c. Sample FREE. Address, A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

A BROAD HINT.

They had been talking as they walked. She had remarked pathetically:

"Oh, it must be terrible to a man to be rejected by a woman!"

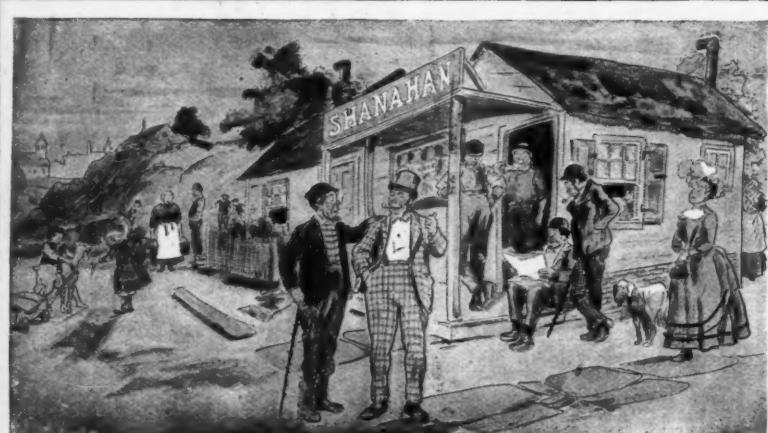
"Indeed it must," was his response. Then, after a while, with sympathetic ingenuousness, she exclaimed:

"It does n't seem that I could ever have the heart to do it."

And there came a silence between them as he thought it over.—*Photo Bits*.

"Good evening, my young friend," said Rev. Tidbits to a young man who was passing by, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," was the answer, "every Sunday night, and I'm on my way to see her now."—*Said and Done*.



Shanahan's Old Shebeen; OR, "THE MORNIN'S MORNIN'."

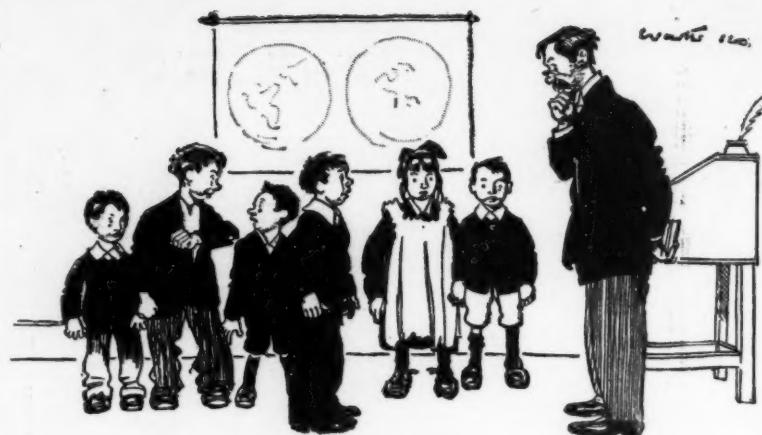
By Gerald Brenan.

IN response to the many requests from our readers for copies of this famous poem, which appeared in PUCK several years ago, we have issued it as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

TEN CENTS PER COPY

Admirers of "Shanahan's Old Shebeen" will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK :: :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York



TEACHER.—Now you have in front of you the north, on your right the east, on your left the west. What have you behind you?

SMALL BOY.—A patch on my pants. I told mother you'd see it!

—*London Opinion*.

The piquancy of a Sherbet is attained by using a dash of Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

KRISS.—Did your wife start in by keeping a diary of your married life?
KROSS.—Yes; but it ended up in a scrap-book.—*Town Topics*.



Hot Springs, Ark.
Atlanta, Ga.
Dwight, Ill.
Marion, Ind.
Des Moines, Iowa.
Craib Orchard, Ky.
Portland, Me.

Omaha, Neb.
Manchester, N. H.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Greensburg, N. C.
Columbus, Ohio.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
St. Louis, Mo.

Philadelphia, Pa.
1512 Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Texas.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.

Waukesha, Wis.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Gatineau City, Quebec.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Waukesha, Wis.
Winnipeg, Manitoba.
Gatineau City, Quebec.
Puebla, Mexico.
London, England.

For Liquor and Drug Users

A scientific treatment which has cured half a million in the past thirty-three years, and the one treatment which has stood the severe test of time. Administered by medical experts, at the Keeley Institutes only. For full particulars write

To the Following Keeley Institutes:

Philadelphia, Pa.
1512 Broad St.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
4246 Fifth Ave.
Dallas, Texas.
Salt Lake City, Utah.
Seattle, Wash.

SOMETHING IN IT.

WILLIE.—Paw, what is a stable government?

PA.—When the party in power displays horse-sense, my son.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

A SLANDER.

GUEST.—I have eaten many a better stew than this!

LANDLORD (*enraged*).—Not in this house!—*Fleigende Blätter*.

Law Should Stop Sale of Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

Wrong To Buy Anything For Rupture Without Getting 60 Days Trial

Depending on leg-strap or spring trusses—like shown below—is little less than slow suicide. They are almost sure to shorten life. It's hard to make them to hold without bursting. They are simply a curse to wear.



Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for ruptures that can get on the market—*the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test*. It's the famous Cluthie Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—incapable when you are sitting, standing, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in case after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why drug-store salesmen and others sell them. How to perform operations. Exposes the humbug that shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5,000 people, including physicians. Write to-day—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60-day test without risking a penny.

Box 130—Cluthie Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

THE RULING PASSION.

The taxicab driver was about to receive his sentence.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "I am satisfied there is no reasonable doubt of your guilt. The evidence shows that you drove the deceased about the city in your taxicab for two hours, then drove him to a secluded place, strangled him, and stole his watch. Have you anything to say before sentence is pronounced?"

"Yes, your honor."

"What is it?"

"I'd like to know, your honor, who is going to pay the cab-hire?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

SHORT SIXES;

Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns. & &

By H. C. BUNNER, late Editor of PUCK.

ILLUSTRATED.

Per Volume.
Cloth, \$1.00

Address
PUCK, N. Y.

Walk, — You, Walk!

THIS is the poem that you read in PUCK years ago and have been looking for ever since. We have now issued

"WALK, — YOU, WALK!"

as a *Booklet*, in large, readable type, with the original illustrations, at

Ten Cents per Copy.

Admirers of this famous poem will appreciate the opportunity to secure copies in handy pocket form. For sale by all booksellers and news-dealers, or mailed postpaid on receipt of price. Address

PUCK, :: 295-309 Lafayette Street, :: New York



Bar-Keeper's Friend Metal Polish



Geo. Wm. Hoffman Co. Indianapolis, Ind.

THE WAY IT SOUNDED.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed impatiently, "I'm sure we shall miss the opening number. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, "this is so sudden!" — *Newark Star*.

AT OUR JOKES.

He who laughs last is an Englishman. — *Princeton Tiger*.



IT LOOKED QUITE DIFFERENT FIFTY YARDS OFF.

— *Sydney Bulletin*.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MRS. WAYUPP.—Then you think they are really made for each other? MRS. BLASÉ.—Yes; he turned himself into an Episcopalian to catch her and she turned herself into a blonde to catch him. — *Town Topics*.

Puck Proofs PHOTOGRAVURES FROM Puck



TIME, THREE A.M.—ASLEEP AT LAST.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send ten cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

By Angus Macdonall.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.
Address PUCK, New York

PUCK PROOFS

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwartzmann.



HAND PAINTED. By W. E. Hill. PRICE 25 CENTS.

This is but one example of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-Page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature

Address PUCK
295-309 Lafayette Street NEW YORK

OLD I.W. HARPER WHISKEY

"Tall Oaks From Little Acorns Grow"

Fifty years ago I. W. HARPER was but little known outside the Old Kentucky State. To-day its fame is world-wide. You find it everywhere.

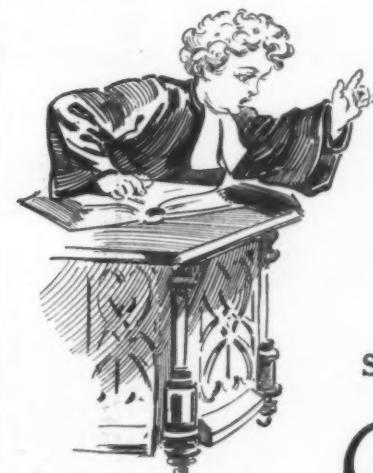
BERNHARD DISTILLING CO.
LOUISVILLE, KY.

MARK-DOWN.

THE SAD LADY.—I want a hat.
THE MILLINER.—Yes, madam — "Merry Widow"?
THE SAD LADY.—No; miserable wife! — *The Sketch*.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

Take PUCK and Laugh!



**Start the
New Year
Right!**

SUBSCRIBE FOR

Puck

The Foremost and Most Widely Quoted Humorous Weekly

As a Home Paper PUCK will please you

- ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best.
- ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive.
- ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times.
- ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers.

Published Every Wednesday. 10c. per Copy. \$5.00 Yearly.

If your Newsdealer does not handle
PUCK, ask him to order
it for you.

Tell Your Newsdealer



Puck
NEXT WEEK.

PUCK, New York

Enclosed find ten cents for which send
me a liberal package of sample copies of
PUCK.

Name

Address



BALLADE OF A BOLD
BENEDICT.

MANY a married man I know
Braggs about his "stern
command"
Of his better half, to show
He can smoke his favorite brand,
Leaving ashes on every hand.
I can do what no man dares
In a household in the land—
I can put my feet on chairs!

*He would never undergo
Henpecks which his wife had planned.
In his own seraglio
He had rights he would demand.
Though it takes a lot of sand,
I can boss my own affairs.
With a smile that's smooth and bland
*I can put my feet on chairs!**

Then he boasts that he can go
"Anywhere, you understand."
No one dares to tell him "No,"
Late at night—no reprimand;
"Wonderful the things she'll
stand!"
Not a one of them compares
With my privilege—ain't it
grand?
I can put my feet on chairs!

L'ENVOI.
Daily does my joy expand,
I've some right to put on airs;
I have never been unmanned—
I can put my feet on chairs!

Kenneth F. H. Underwood.



USE THE FAMOUS ENGLISH REMEDY
BLAIR'S PILLS
SAFE, GENTLE, EFFECTIVE, FOR RELIEF OF
RHEUMATISM
50¢ & 75¢ AT DRUGGISTS OR 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN N.Y.

"How very chilly he is to everyone to-day!"
"His latest flame just left him!"—
Town Topics.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
-MADE AT KEY WEST-

"A TRAVELING-MAN told me——"
"Hush! Wait till we pass these girls!"—Cornell Widow.

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS
PAPER WAREHOUSE,

25, 26 and 28 Bleeker Street. NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Bookman Street. All kinds of Paper made to order.

You like to HUNT and FISH

You like to go CAMPING—

then surely you will enjoy the **National Sportsman** magazine, with its richly illustrated pages, overflowing with interesting stories and valuable information about guns, fishing tackle, camp outfit—**the best places to go for fish and game, and a grand and unique valuable "How to" guide for sportsmen.** **The National Sportsman** is just like a big camp fire in the woods where thousands of good fellows gather once a month and enjoy telling you about their experiences with rod, dog, rifle and gun. Think of it, twelve round trips to the woods for a \$1.00 bill.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER

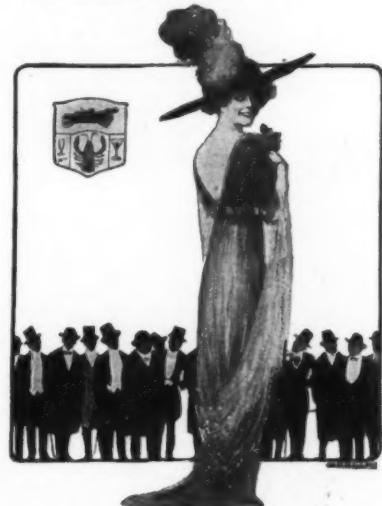
Just to show you what it's like, we will send you the **National Sportsman** magazine for three months and your choice of a handsome **National Sportsman Brooch**—a brooch in the form of a Lapel Button, Scarf Pin, or a Watch Fob, as here shown, on receipt of \$1.00 in stamps or coin.

Don't delay—Join our great big Hunting, Fishing, Camping, Nature-loving **National Sportsman Brotherhood** today.

National Sportsman Magazine, 78 Federal St., Boston.

PUCK PROOFS

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwartzmann.



BUILT FOR SPEED—1912 MODEL. By W. E. Hill.
Proof in Colors, 20 x 14 in.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Copyright 1912 by Keppler & Schwartzmann.



THE OPTIC NERVE.
Proof in Carbon Black, 8 x 11 in.
PRICE 25 CENTS.

THESE are but two examples of the PUCK PROOFS. Send Ten Cents for Fifty-page Catalogue of Reproductions in Miniature.

Address PUCK: 295-309 Lafayette Street, New York

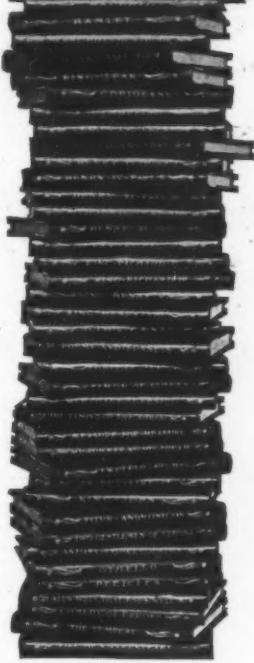
BOOKLOVERS SHAKESPEARE

Just the Thing for a Holiday Gift

THE dainty elegance, the solid worth and the deserved popularity of **The Booklovers Shakespeare** make it just the thing for a holiday gift. It can be appreciated by all, whatever their degree of culture. Every detail of letterpress, paper, and binding is marked by luxury and charm, and our easy terms are a boon to those who feel the financial pressure of the "festive season."

**\$1.00 Secures an Entire Set
Sent Free for Examination**

A complete set of **The Booklovers** will be sent free for examination prepaid to any address, on receipt of the coupon below properly filled out. **No money need accompany this coupon.** The set may be returned at our expense if it fails to please you. Examination will cost you nothing and it places you under no obligation. If the books are what you want you can keep the entire set and send us One Dollar only, and you can pay the balance at the rate of \$2.00 a month.



40 Volumes—Colored Illustrations

Absolutely Complete and Unabridged

The **Booklovers** is the Shakespeare of the discriminating. Two hundred world-famed scholars contribute to make it the best edition ever published. Its annotations, commentaries and glossary are thorough as scholarship can make them, yet clear so that any one can understand and enjoy them. There are 40 charming volumes in the edition 7 x 5 inches in size, 7,000 pages in all. There are 40 magnificent full-page illustrations in color and hundreds of rare wood-cuts. The **Booklovers** includes everything that Shakespeare ever wrote. Every hidden meaning, every obscure word, is thoroughly explained, making Shakespeare easy to understand as a popular novel. **No other edition contains the following invaluable features:**

TOPICAL INDEX, in which you can find any desired passage in the plays and poems.

CRITICAL COMMENTS, which explain the plays and characters. They are selected from the writings of Coleridge, Hazlitt, Dowden, Furnivall, Goethe and other eminent Shakespearean scholars.

GLOSSARIES.—A separate one in each volume.

TWO SETS OF NOTES.—One for the general reader and a supplementary set for the student.

ARGUMENTS.—These give a concise story of each play in clear and interesting prose.

STUDY METHODS, which furnish the equivalent of a college course of Shakespearean study.

LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE, by Dr. Israel Gollancz, with critical essays by Walter Bagehot, Leslie Stephen, Thomas Spencer Baynes and Richard Grant White.

An \$8.00 Art Portfolio Free

Every year at Christmas time we are swamped with late arriving orders which cause delay, disappointment and inconvenience to our customers and to ourselves. As an incentive to promptness we have decided to offer **absolutely free of charge a Magnificent Art Folio** to each one of the first 200 whose orders reach us in time.

This portfolio contains 16 plates reproducing in duogravure famous Shakespearean pictures and photographs of views in the Shakespeare country. It would cost \$8.00 if bought in an art store. The plates are 9 1/2 x 12 1/2 inches in size, can be framed at small expense or just as they are they will decorate and beautify your home. There are just 200 of these artistic treasures. Send your order promptly and you can obtain one **free of cost**.

Half-Price Holiday Offer

The regular price of the **Booklovers** has recently been advanced. During the holiday season, however, we offer a small edition of the work at just half price—\$35.00. To secure one of these bargains you must act promptly. Send the coupon now. To-morrow may be too late. It is your privilege to return the set if it does not please you.

The University Society
44-60 E. 23rd St., NEW YORK

No agent will call on you in answer to the coupon.

CUT THIS COUPON OUT

University Society
New York

You may send, pre-pa^d, for my examination, a set of **The Booklovers Shakespeare** in half leather binding. If the books are not satisfactory, I shall pay you \$1.00 within five days after their receipt, and \$2.00 per month thereafter for 12 months. If they are not, I shall notify you and hold them subject to your order to have me prepare the art portfolio, which I am to retain without cost if I keep the books.

Name: _____

Address: _____
(If you prefer cloth binding, change 12 months to 12.)



Earliest Known
Bottle (Goat Skin)

Leather Bottle
The Tudor Period

Bottle of
17th Century

The wonderful new Protective Johnnie Walker Bottle is a development which has taken two thousand years.

We do not make unqualified use of the description "non-refillable"—but the possibility of anything being put back into this bottle is so remote as to afford ample protection for the man who wants to know exactly what he is getting, and for the dealer or house servant to escape all suspicion. This bottle is perfected to protect

JOHNNIE WALKER

RED LABEL (Every drop over
10 years old.)

BLACK LABEL (Every drop over
12 years old.)

ASTONISHING ADVANTAGES.

1. No waste.
2. No spilling.
3. No corkscrew needed.
4. No "corked" liquor.
5. No decanter necessary.
6. No pieces of cork to capture.
7. No dirt or contamination possible.
8. No substitution or adulteration possible.
9. No skill or strength needed to open or pour.
10. No contact of anything but porcelain and glass with the whisky.
11. NO INCREASE IN PRICE.

To safeguard these ages, the policy of the distillers for the future is the same as their policy of the past. First and foremost to see that the margin of stocks over sales is always large enough to maintain the unique quality.

GUARANTEED SAME QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

How to Pour.—Tilt the bottle quickly nearly upside down. If the whisky does not flow freely, give the bottle a slight shake to set the valve in motion.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Johnnie Walker Whisky in the new "Protective" bottle, send us a postal card with the name of your dealer, and we will see that you are supplied.

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT, Agents, 1158 Broadway, New York.



Born 1820 still going strong.